

**Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)**  
***Hodie aperuit nobis clausa porta***

Hodie  
aperuit nobis clausa porta  
quod serpens in muliere suffocavit,  
unde lucet in aurora  
flos de Virgine Maria.

**Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602-ca. 1677)**  
***Quis mihi det***

Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?  
O bone Jesu, dulcis Jesu, care Jesu,  
cupio dissolvi pro te;  
O patiar, O urar,  
O saecer, O moriar pro te.

Vincla catenae, venite, properate;  
saevite ligate  
clamantem, amantem vos.

Bone Jesu, O patiar, O urar,  
O saecer, O moriar pro te.

O aquae, submergite;  
flumina, obruite;  
ignes, incendite;  
cruces, suspendite;  
lanceae, gladii, fulmina,  
figite, fodite, sternite me.

Dulcis Jesu, O patiar...

Pectines, ungulae, belluae,  
vulnerate, lacerate,  
trucidate haec viscera.

Care Jesu, O patiar...

O dulcis penae, tormenta mellea,  
felicia vulnera, beata mors.

Sic fuso sanguine,

Beverly Lomer's transcription and  
Barbara Newman's edition, Latin  
collation  
Translation by Nathaniel M. Campbell

Today  
was opened unto us a shut-up gate.  
For the serpent drew it tight, in woman  
choked—  
yet from it gleams within the dawn  
the Virgin Mary's flower.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

Who will give me the Lord's chalice to  
drink?  
O good Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Jesus,  
I long to come apart for You;  
O may I suffer, O may I be burned;  
may I be decapitated, O may I die for  
You.

O fetters and chains, come, hurry;  
rage, and bind me  
who cries to you and loves you.

O good Jesus, may I suffer, may I be  
burned, may I be decapitated, may I die  
for You.

O waters, submerge me;  
rivers, bury me;  
flames, burn me;  
crosses, suspend me;  
you lances, swords, thunderbolts,  
transfix me, stab me, lay me low.

O sweet Jesus, may I suffer...

You curry-combs, metal claws, wild  
beasts, wound me, tear me,  
rip out these my viscera.

O sweet Jesus, may I suffer...

O sweet pains, honeyed torments,

soluto corpore,  
emisso spiritu,  
volem ad te;  
te fruar, te satier,  
requiescam in te in aeternum et ultra.

**Caterina Assandra (ca. 1590-after 1618)**

***Ego flos campi (Songs 2:1-3b)***

Ego flos campi  
et lilium convallium.

Sicut lilium inter spinas,  
sic amica mea inter filias.

Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum,  
sic dilectus meus inter filios.

Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram sedi,  
et fructus ejus dulcis gutturi meo.

**Kassia of Byzantium (805/810-before 867)**

***Hymn to Pelagia***

Ὅπου ἐπλεόνασεν ἡ ἀμαρτία,  
ὑπερεπερίσσευσεν ἡ χάρις,  
καθὼς ὁ ἀπόστολος διδάσκει,  
ἐν προσευχαίς γάρ καί δάκρυσι, Πελαγία,  
τῶν πολλῶν πταισμάτων τό πέλαγος  
ἐξήρανας,  
καί τό τέλος εὐπρόσδεκτον Κυρίῳ, διὰ  
τῆς μετανοίας προσήγαγες,  
καί ἐν τούτῳ πρεσβεύεις, ὑπέρ τῶν ψυχῶν  
ημῶν.

**Bianca Maria Meda (ca. 1665-after 1700)**

***Cari musici***

Cari Musici, cum grato silentio  
voces comprimite,  
suspendite sonos, cantare cessate,  
et contemplate dilecte Jesu amores.

happy wounds, blessed death.

Thus, with my blood shed,  
with my body dissolved,  
with my soul departed,  
may I fly to You,  
may I enjoy You, may I be filled by You,  
may I rest in You for all eternity and beyond

I am the flower of the field  
and the lily of the valley.

As the lily among thorns,  
so is my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the  
woods, so is my beloved among the  
sons.

I sat down under his shadow with great  
delight: and his fruit was sweet to my  
taste.

Translation by Antonia Tripolitis

Wherever sin has become excessive,  
grace has abounded even more  
as the Apostle teaches;  
for with tears and prayers, Pelagia,  
you have dried up the vast sea of sins.  
and through penitence brought about  
the result acceptable to the Lord;  
and now you intercede with him on  
behalf of our souls.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

Dear musicians, with pleasing silence  
withhold your voices,

**SUORE Project's *The Ecstatic and Divine: Music from Convents***

August 10, 2024, Lettvin Classical Concert Series

Texts and Translations

Non me turbate, no, amante,  
armonici chori  
cantare, cessate.

Quantae deliciae  
quantae fortunata beant me,  
rapit meum cor ad se  
Jesus solus voce amante.

Quanta laetitia  
quanta me divina replet lux  
in amore verus dux  
mihi donat gaudia tanta.

Ah! Quid dico! anima ingrata,  
in silentio taciturno amores sponsi  
audio sepelire,  
ah non tacete, no,  
o voces canorae,  
non tacete.

Amare et silere, cor,  
tentas impossibile,  
plus tormentum sit terribile  
quando curat reticere.

Tacere et ardere, no,  
non potes tam firmissime,  
tua pene sunt durissimae,  
si tacendo vis languere. Alleluia.

## Intermission

### **Claudia Sessa (1570-1613/9)** ***Occhi io vissi di voi***

Occhi io vissi di voi  
mentre voi, fosti voi  
ma spenti poi  
vivo di vostra morte  
in felice alimento  
chi mi nutre al tormento  
e mi manca al gioire  
per far vivace morte  
al mio martire

suspend your sounds, cease your  
singing  
and lovingly contemplate the love of  
Jesus.

Do not trouble me, no,  
harmonious choirs,  
but cease your singing.

How many delights  
enrich me, the fortunate one;  
he seizes my heart for himself,  
only Jesus, with a lover's voice.

How much joy  
how much divine light fills me  
with his love my true leader  
grants me countless joys.

Oh, what am I saying! Ungrateful soul,  
I hear them bury my spouse's love  
in hushed silence'  
oh, do not be silent, no  
o melodious voices,  
do not be silent.

Heart, you try in vain  
to love and be silent,  
To say nothing  
were a more terrible torment.

To be silent and burn, no,  
This you cannot do so strongly.  
Your pain is excruciating  
if by being silent your strength grows  
weak. Alleluia.

Translation by Candace Smith

I lived through your eyes  
While you were alive,  
But now that you are extinguished,  
I live through your death,  
On felicitous sustenance

**Isabella Leonarda (1620-1704)**  
***Surge! O felix anima***

Surge o felix Anima  
o Christi sponsa nobilis  
fuge terras Anima  
ad Cælum læta suscipe  
elevare ad Sidera

In hoc mundo rebelli  
immixte sunt veneno delitiae  
lux fugatur calligine  
in momento perit voluptas  
extrema gaudii occupat fletus

Ab hoc fuge ad Caelum aspera  
Ubi campis olympicis flores  
Semper rident  
et numquam tabescunt

Ad faelicia regna conspira  
Ubi gaudia ubi amores  
Indeficiens tribuit pax

O Syon beatissima  
O clara civitas  
Aeternae lucis  
Quis non desideret te  
Quis non properet  
Festino gressu ad te

Dum sola tu es  
Quae reples viscera  
Dulcedine

Non frustra laborat  
Qui fugit mundana  
Qui deserit vana  
Ut habeat te

In vanum non orat  
Qui quaerit tormenta  
ad Caeli contenta  
ut elevet se

Alleluia!

Which nourishes me to the point of  
torment  
But not to that of rejoicing,  
In order to bring living death  
to my martyrdom.

Working translation by Brett Umlauf

Rise up, lucky Soul,  
O noble bride of Christ!  
Flee the earth, Soul,  
to the heavens. Be glad, look up,  
lift up to the stars.

In this world of tumult,  
intermixed are poison delights.  
Light chases away/routs out darkness.  
In a moment, pleasure is wasted;  
Deepest joy overtakes weeping

Flee from this; to the heavens aspire  
Where blossoms in Olympic fields  
Are always laughing,  
and never are they wilting away

Aim toward the happy kingdom  
Where joy, where love-  
unfailing grants peace

O most beautiful Zion  
O bright city  
of eternal light  
Who does not desire you?  
Who does not hasten  
With hurried step toward you?

Since you alone  
replenish the innermost part  
With sweetness

They do not labor in vain,  
Who shun the things of this world  
Who forsake emptiness  
In order to know you.

Their praying is not for nothing,  
Who strive in torment

for the heavens so that with satisfaction  
they may be lifted up.

Alleluia!